

JULY 4 BECOME A NUISANCE

Has Befallen the Old Independence Day That to Be Such an Eventful One?—Why Not Renew Patriotic Sentiments by Aiding the Junior Republic?

NO one knows a good way to celebrate the Fourth of July. It will be here in two days—the glorious Fourth—with all its bawling and popping and its nerve-shattering noises. It used to be fun, didn't it? When you lived in the country; when vacation began on the Friday before the Fourth; when every boy and girl in the school dressed up in good clothes and "spoke a piece" wasn't it a great day, that Friday before the Fourth? All the steers were there; you wished they wouldn't come so much. You were teased when you called your "Mamma's" in the morning and picked sweet fashioned clove pinks and Bouncing Betties and white and pink sweet ramoth made them into you ran to school without a bird's nest. All the s were there early. Each basketful of flowers. The er clean pink muslin pinned the side. She was form, boasting the big were making wreaths. They planned the green steams. big boys out for the big boys went to school, telling: a of July. a of July. surely a coma's, Fourth of July. I went in the door with your the big girls exclaimed: "Oh, ly!" and the little girls said: "cher, here's more flowers!" went into the entry and put the great tub full of ferns. Then called you in and said: "Now, low, come hand me the flags," climbed up on her desk and elbows handed her the flags. her called the flags up above crossed, just like the flags. All the big girls stood off little more to the left and right," until the flags were ho was very clever and who the city to be an artist some on two beautiful blue-chalk board. And some one who er than the teacher had for the Glor Fourth! altogether the black board to you.

the maple boughs. When the boughs were all nailed up, and when the wreaths drooped in festoons around the room, the teacher took the bouquets and set one on each desk. Then she unspined her pink skirts and rustled them all out, nice and stiff, marched up on the platform and rang the bell. You all scudded to your seats and folded your arms from ear to ear with pure delight and excitement.

The teacher touched the bell again, and you all stood up like soldiers. She touched it again, and you all burst out singing: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." The little girl in the seat across the aisle looked just like a little wild rose, in her fresh dress, with a bunch of flowers pinned to her belt. The boy in front of you had a deep bass voice. He couldn't get a tune, and he just mumbled along.

He couldn't keep his eyes off the girl across the aisle, either, and you made up your mind you'd have something to say to him when school was out. When the song was done, the teacher called "John," and a big boy lumbered up to the platform and recited "At Midnight in His Guarded Tent." He was giggling at the time. The teacher scolded him, and he said he couldn't help it.

Four little girls got up and sang the song of the four seasons. Then you recited "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." You forgot your lines, and stammered, and went on again. A funny little girl recited "Barbara Frietle." Before you knew it the morning was gone, and the rehearsal was over.

Some one knocked, and there stood the trustees; some one else knocked, and there stood the minister; and then a whole stream of people came, a perfect crowd, fifteen or twenty. They filled the little school room up, and you kept thinking of that awful ride of Paul Revere's. All you could remember was: "Now listen, my children, an' you shall hear!"

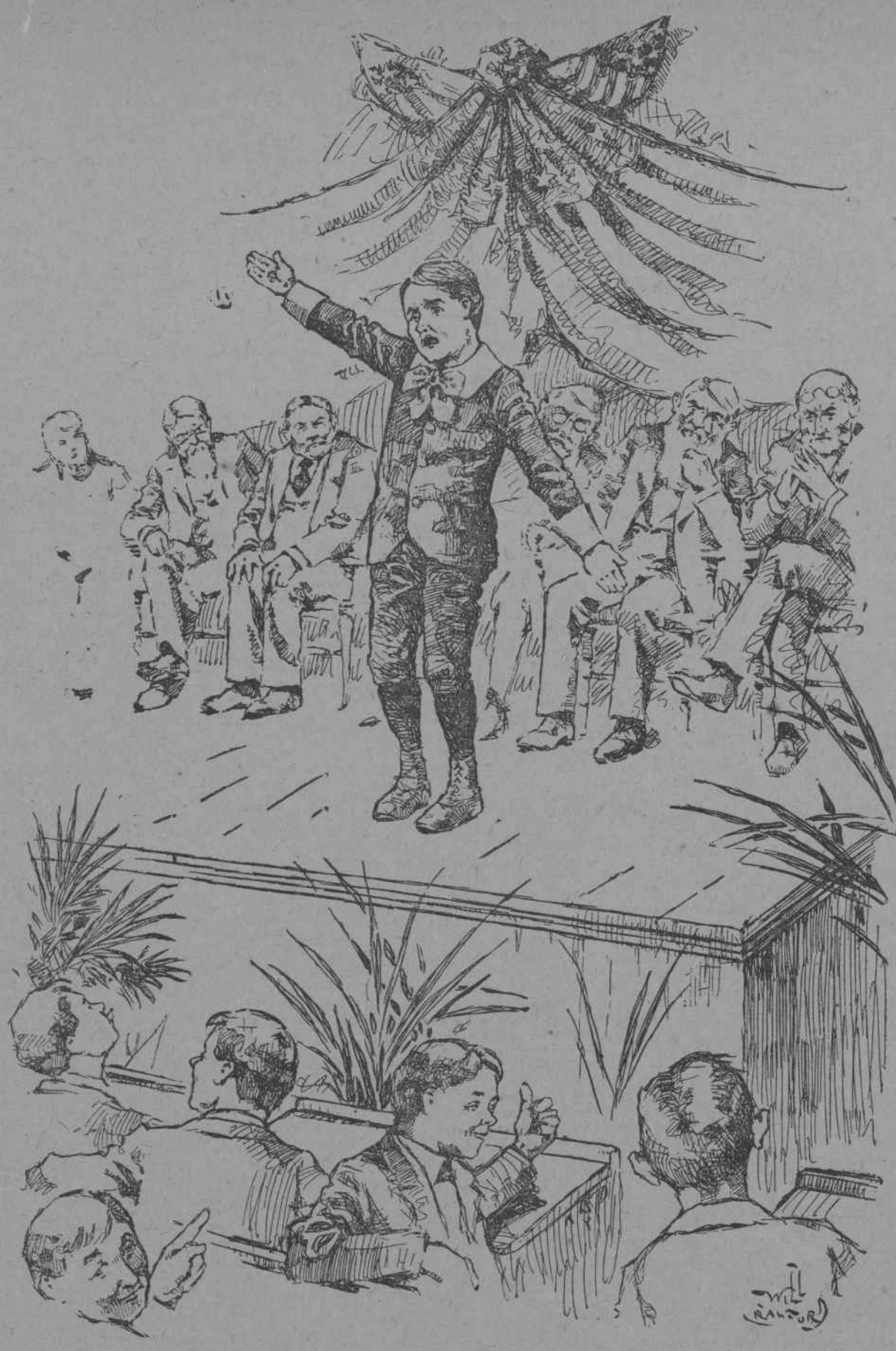
At that moment the teacher rang the bell and you found yourself standing, you didn't know how. And before you knew it, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue" rang through the little school house with a vigor and a fire in it that would have moved a multitude to enthusiasm.

When the "last day" was over and the Fourth came, do you remember the getting up at sunrise? Do you remember the torpedoes you put in the cracks of the door-frames? Do you remember the picnic, and the oration, and the fireworks in the evening? Do you remember—but these are never forgotten. In memory of that Fourth of July, do something for this Fourth of July.

There's just one thing to do. There's a little colony of boys and girls up near Freeville, N. Y. They've gone up there out of the slums to found a little republic of their own. They are not all Americans by birth. Most of them are, but many of them are not. They've all heard about the founding of the Great American Republic, though. They've lived down in the tenements, have been starved and suffered there until the name of Free America sounded strangely in their ears.

They've shivered in the doorways in the dirt and the cold of winter; they've sweated in the alleys in the dirt and heat of summer; they've been driven from one resting place to another; they've been idle because they could find no work; they've been mischievous because they've learned no lessons but lessons of mischief. Now they have struck out for themselves. They have gone into the country and are trying to live. They've made a little republic up there, a well-ordered, well-governed republic.

The boys and girls in the city have heard



"HOW PERISHED BRAVE MARGOS BOZZARIS."

about the Republic and the chance it gives for a poor boy or girl to become independent and self-respecting. They are begging to be allowed to join the Republic. They want to be citizens, too. They want to vote and make laws and work and earn money. They want a chance to live.

The little Republic is poor. It cannot take care of many more than citizens now. Two hundred and fifty boys and girls are going up there on the 5th of July. There are hundreds more who ought to go.

There's a little boy down in Cherry street. He has no home. He sleeps wherever the policeman will let him. He's ragged and he's dirty and not over strong, but he is bright as a brand new dollar. He says he wants to go where "everybody won't tell him he's in the way." "I could work," he says. "I could work." "I can dig, and I can split wood," he says. "I can cut half fine. My brother was a barber. He's dead. He used to let me watch him work. He was going to let me learn to shave pretty soon, but it's no use now. But, say, if I could just get the money to go to that Republic I could borrow money for a pair of scissors. I could give my I. O. U. like the citizens up there does, and I could open a shop and make money would do me. Say, can't you fix it?"

Want somebody fix it? The fare to Freeville is \$3.50 for the child and \$1.00 for the adult. Want some one "fix it" for that boy?

De Wolf Hopper, the best-natured "star" alive, has been reading about the Junior Republic. He wants the citizens to start a baseball nine. He's going to fit that nine out as never nine was fitted out before.

Little Joe and his brother will have their fares paid to the Republic. A kind-hearted lawyer has written and sent a check for \$10. Here is his letter:

Winifred Black, New York Journal:
I have just read your article in to-day's Journal about the Junior Republic.
Now I want to give some help to that manly little fellow who is so anxious about his shabby little brother, who cannot breathe during the hot nights in the city.

Enclosed find a check for \$10. I suppose this will start the little fellow. If he cannot work his way after that amount is exhausted, let me know. Please keep this to yourself, and merely tell the boy that it is sent by one who feels for his interest in his brother. Yours truly,
W. H. S.

Washington, D. C., June 29, 1896.

The man who wrote that letter does not want his name printed. It should be written in letters of gold. Little Joe is only one poor little, lonely fellow, who wants a chance to grow. There are many, many more who need help.

Mr. John F. McIntyre, Assistant District Attorney, has heard about the Junior Republic. This is what he says:

Editor of the Journal:
Your plan to take boys and girls from the slums of the city and place them in the Junior Republic for a term sufficiently long to permit them to acquire useful information seems to me an excellent one.

It will help materially to break up the lawless influence of the street corner gangs. It will teach the youngsters a healthy respect for law and order; it will show them the beneficial effect of honest labor, and when he is able to do so, supporting and in every way worthy citizens.

Wouldn't it be advisable to supply free books, both of instruction and entertainment, to the youngsters at the Republic?

If you think so, I would be pleased to aid the good cause by sending a selection of law books, history and general literature whenever you say so. Yours,
Assistant District Attorney,
New York, June 30.

Law books acceptable? If Mr. McIntyre could see that little fifteen-year-old judge up there in the Republic wringing his brow over a tattered old copy of the common law, he would know just how acceptable those law books will be. Those members of the Legislature up there argue legal points by the hour. Nothing would please the independent young citizens who have put out their shingles as attorneys at law better than a good row of hard reading law books.

Here's what a West Haven boy says about the Republic:

To the Editor of the Journal:
I would like to help those boys and girls of the Junior Republic. I will send 30 cents. Will you start a fund? Yours truly,
ALLEN SEAMAN.
West Haven, Conn., June 29, 1896.

Who will help start that fund? Not a fund to give children a day or two of pleasure; not a fund to give them simply a Summer breeze of fresh air and wholesome food. A fund to help the Junior Republic—the most American, the most independent,

the most wholesome, the pluckiest, the most deserving idea in the world. Help the poor boys and girls, who are imitating the founders of our senior Republic. Help the boys and girls, who are fighting such a brave fight against poverty for liberty, for independence and for self-respect.

In memory of the good old Fourth of July, in memory of the boys and girls who dreamed the dreams that boy dreamed, dreams of soldiers and heroes, dreams of brave deeds bravely done—foolish, boyish dreams, but brave and full of youth and courage; in memory of those old days, when the Declaration of Independence made that boy's heart leap up. Help those friendless boys and girls, who are making such an indomitable stand against the misery of the fate to which they were born.

Help the Junior Republic.

WINIFRED BLACK.
Detailed information concerning the Junior Republic, its methods, aims, results and needs, may be obtained at the Journal's Junior Republic Bureau, No. 9, 1122 Broadway, Room 11. Donations of money, furniture, clothing, etc., and other necessities will be received at that address.

AWNING CUTTERS DISCHARGED
They Proved to Be Edward Center and Edward Jurist, Men About Town.

The two young men who cut awning strings Tuesday night on Hammerstein's Olympia roof garden have proved to be Edward Center, a well-known man-about-town, and Edward Jurist, who is almost equally well known.

After cutting the awning strings they fought with the special officer employed on the roof garden, and were with considerable difficulty arrested by Central Office Detectives Dale and Oppenheimer.

They were arraigned before Magistrate Flanner, in Jefferson Market Court, yesterday. Lawyer Acer, who appeared for them, secured their release after a hearing through Oscar Hammerstein the younger was present and told the Magistrate that he was a friend of the boys, who were gentlemen, and that as they had expressed sorrow for their conduct, he had desired to press a complaint, and after a moment's hesitation they were discharged.

COMING EVENTS.

A ratification meeting under the auspices of the Colored Republican Club will be held tomorrow night at the club rooms, No. 131 West Twenty-sixth street. Among the speakers will be Frank D. Pavey, John A. Lee, Jacob H. Simms and James D. Carr.

The regular monthly meeting of the Riverside Republican Club will be held at the club house, No. 146 West Ninety-ninth street, on July 4. After the regular business of the club is transacted a ratification meeting will be held, at which several prominent speakers will make addresses.

The eleventh annual commencement exercises of the male department of Grammar School No. 29 will be held at the school building, No. 223 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, this morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Arrangements have been completed by the Entertainment Committee of the U. S. Grant Republican Club, of the Sixth Assembly District, for a supper and entertainment to be given at the club house, No. 11 Prince street, tomorrow. Police Commissioner Frederick D. Grant will be the guest of the evening.

A grand patriotic concert and entertainment will be given at the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, this evening. Among the soloists will be Misses A. Yendik, soprano; Miss S. Battershall, reader; Miss L. B. Knox, pianist; Lenox Orchestra, Epworth League Male Quartet and others.

St. Paul's Temperance Guild will have its twenty-third annual picnic to Long Island on July 4. A steamer and two barges will leave the Fifty-ninth street pier at 10 o'clock.

Invitations have been sent out by Good Government Club X, which guards the downtown East Side districts, for an outing to be held on July 4 at New Boulevard Park, Bayonne, N. J.

The family excursion of the Riverside Republican Club, of the Twenty-first Assembly District, will leave for the shore at 10 o'clock. Refreshments will be provided for the women and children who attend. Professor Nisbett's band will furnish the music. The steamer and two barges will leave the West Ninety-sixth street pier at 9 o'clock. The arrangements are under the direction of Abraham Grover.

PARISIANNE.



bestowed upon them by the enthusiastic. The latest novelty in corset covers is made of insertions of lace and mull. Instead of being seamless and fitted in front, it is made with loose ends, which are drawn up over the chest and tied in a bow.

In nightdresses whole fronts of lace insertions and tucks are worn. Short puffed sleeves of lace are on some of the Summer gowns. Others have angel sleeves that fall to the hem of the robe, while still others show butterfly sleeves, which leave the arm free and have long ends of lace drapery caught up on the shoulders.

One smoking hat, add a little butter and serve garnished with triangles of bread fried in crisp brown.

New cabbage, although ordinarily despised, is capable of becoming a toothsome and delicate dish. Select a good, solid head; soak it in cold water for one hour, then cut in sections and plunge into boiling salted water. Let it cook so slowly that the water barely bubbles, and when tender drain through a colander. Serve with white sauce. Melt together one cupful of butter and one of flour. When blended add a cupful of milk and let cook for a moment. Season with salt and pepper.

New potatoes, while excellent simply boiled, become monotonous when served day after day. Prepared a la maitre d'hotel they are delicious, without involving any exceptional labor. Peel and boil, then allow them to become cold; cut into dice and warm in a little milk. When the milk is absorbed stir in one-half table-spoonful of butter beaten to a cream, with the yolk of one egg; the juice of half a lemon, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and pepper and salt to taste.

Distinctly Personal News Notes.

A new crusade has been begun with a woman as its leader. It is a war against pie, and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz is the crusader. She is the head of the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and it is through this body that she has begun her campaign. The preparation of elaborate articles of food is especially condemned, and pie is given no quarter whatever. The tollsome folly of measuring, mixing, rolling, baking and washing utensils, the mixing fresh fruit with a mass of indigestible dough, is in each case given its full share of well-directed disapproval. Yet it is observed that Mrs. Diaz never refuses pie when it is offered her—not even mince.

If Eleanora Duse is somewhat eccentric in her social relations, she is charming in her charitable ones. During her voyage to England, she was very ill all the time, except the last three days, which she devoted entirely to the steerage passengers, reading to them and giving them money and sympathy. They spoke of her as the "good lady."

Here are some facts partly corroborative and partly contradictory of the theory that literary women do not know how to dress well. In London Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) are two brilliant exceptions. Mrs. Praed wears gowns of the most magnificent description. In the evening she affects rich, delicate brocades. Her gowns are cut in a simple fashion, but they are always rather décolleté.

Mrs. Stannard dresses smartly, although her style is a trifle severe. She does not follow all the flights of fashion. Mrs. Stannard is fond of quiet shades, and in the evening generally gives black the preference. Anything in the way of summery she detests. Her day dresses are always tailor-made, well built, without a crease or a wave.

Marie Cornell dresses fairly well. Being very petite, she goes in for simple dresses. Light blue and pale pink are colors that become her well. She wears both, and sometimes comes out in all white.

Mrs. Lynn Linton always has on a black gown and a white cap when she is at home. She wears rich stuffs—silk, velvet, brocade, and the like. The most charitably disposed person could not say that Miss Braddon ever wears nice clothes. She likes solid colors and affects velvet. Her gowns have many furbelows about them. She wears large diamond earrings with evening dress. Miss Braddon is a first-rate housekeeper.

Ouida dresses absurdly. She strives after juvenility always. Her hair she wears in a curly crop, bound by bands of ribbon.

Miss Annie Dennis, of Talbotton, Ga., has apparently discovered the secret for which many agriculturists are looking, that of making farming pay. She owns a handsome estate of a thousand acres, which she cultivates with great skill and success. Upon it she conducts a dairy, a stock farm, a cannery, a preserving establishment, a vineyard and wine distillery and a pigery. Each of these is prosperous to a high degree. The owner is public spirited, and exhibits her products at every fair and exposition. She began this work in 1888, and in seven years has carried off nearly a hundred prizes. She makes a special study of the application of science, particularly chemistry, to her fields of industry, and utilizes every new idea which appears.

TITLED AMERICAN WOMEN.

Among American women who have won comets and, incidentally, hearts, which one can lay claim to the oldest title? This was a question propounded the other day in a white and gold boudoir by a pretty woman in a charming bouton d'or morning gown, apropos to the influx of American duchesses and countesses, who are expected to give glitter and pomp to the Newport season.

The pretty woman's companion—another equally charmingly attired matron, replied that she didn't know, but added: "The Princess Colonna probably bears as old a title as any American girl and the young Duchess of Marlborough comes rather far down on the list, almost too modern to count."

Inquiring into the facts of the case, for the benefit of the two pretty gossipers in the boudoir, it has been found that the American woman who bears one of the oldest titles is the Duchess and Princess of Brancaccio, who was Miss Elizabeth Hickson Field, of New York. The Duke of Lustra and Prince of Brancaccio is a Spanish grandee of the first rank. The title of prince was created in 1601, of duke, in 1625. Princess Brancaccio has the honor of being lady in waiting to the Queen of Italy.

The Hon. Mrs. Michael H. Herbert, who was Miss Belle Wilson, sister of Miss Grace Wilson, ranks next. Mr. Herbert is the son of Lord Herbert and younger brother of the Earl of Pembroke, the earldom of Pembroke having been created in 1549.

Lady Aymer—Miss Ann Reid—of New York. Creation of barony, 1621. The Aymeres settled in Ireland in the twelfth century.

The Princess Colonna—Miss Eva Julia Bryant Mackay. The Prince of Colonna is a grandee of the first rank; the title was created in 1688.

Lady Molesworth—Miss Jane G. Frost, of St. Louis, Missouri. Lord Molesworth, eleventh baronet, is descended from the well-known crusader, Sir Walter de Molesworth. Creation of the barony, 1680.

Princess Vicovaro—Miss Eleanor Spencer, of New York. The Prince Vicovaro traces his ancestry in direct line to Marco Cincio, who was prefect of Pisa in the year 457. The creation of the dates at 1621. Princess Vicovaro is another American who has been honored with the position of lady in waiting to the Queen of Italy.

Lady Randolph Churchill—Miss Jennie Jerome. Creation of title 1702.

Duchess of Marlborough—Miss Consuelo Yagan. Creation of dukedom 1719.

The Hon. Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck—Miss Elizabeth Livingston, of New York. The family belongs to that of the Duke of Portland. Creation of dukedom 1718.

The Duchess of Manchester—Miss Consuelo Yagan. Creation of dukedom 1719.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Pelham-Clinton—Miss Lizzie Zerbe, New York. The Hon. Pelham-Clinton is brother of the Duke of Newcastle. Creation of dukedom 1736.

Lady Heath—Miss Florence Sharon. Creation of title 1761. The family have been settled in Lancashire seven hundred years.

The Hon. Mrs. William Cuthbert-Vernon—Miss Louise Frost, St. Louis, Missouri. The Hon. Mrs. Vernon is heir presumptive to the barony of his brother, Lord Vernon. Title created 1762.

Lady Liston-Kaye—Miss Natica Yagan Del Valle. The family of Lord Liston-Kaye is descended from Sir Kaye, an ancient Briton, one of the Knights of the Round Table. Creation of title 1812.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Paget—Miss Mary Stevens. The Hon. Arthur Paget is a grandson of the Marquis of Anglesey. Creation of the marquisate 1815.

The Hon. Mrs. Anne Paget—Miss Pauline Whitney. Belong to the same family.

Frou-Frou.

The letter V cunningly wrought in the frieze is one of the odd conceits of a room in Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's "cottage" at Newport.

Mrs. Tiffany (nee Havemeyer) is piquante, but not pretty.

A lady possessing the bluest of blue blood is Mrs. J. Hooker Hamersley (Margaret Willing Chisholm).

Mrs. Betty Green, the richest woman in the country, has never been known to give a gratuity.

The Baroness de Selliere will be in evidence this Summer at Newport. She is a woman rich in her own right, having inherited an annual income of \$75,000 from her husband.

Beauty Hints.

Warm milk used as a wash at night will make hard, coarse or rough skin soft.

High, close collars make the neck wrinkle.

A little ammonia or borax in lukewarm water will keep the skin clean and soft, and a little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands.

To keep the complexion peachy and pink the old-time beauties believed there was nothing equal to the juice of strawberries, either fresh or preserved.

A beautiful and agreeable tooth powder is made of finely ground orris root and precipitated chalk in equal parts. When flavored with oil of roses it is very fragrant.

When McAllister made out his list of one hundred beautiful New York women, the name of Miss Grace Wilson, the fiancée of young Cornelius Vanderbilt, was among the list.

Household Interests.

In these days of lamps and possible careless servants, it is needful to know that a carpet stained with kerosene may be easily cleaned by sprinkling buckwheat flour over the spots.

To preserve cut flowers keep them in a room that is not overheated, give them fresh water night and morning, and clip their stems every day. Do not cut the stems straight across, but slanting, as you would prune plants.

An economical decoration for wall draperies may be made out of washable materials. They give a softer tone to a room than paper, and may be hung as easily from a narrow wood rod painted to tone with the cornice.

WHO WILL WIN THE RAINY-DAY COSTUME?

JURY OF AWARD: MRS. JENNESS MILLER, MRS. DONALD M'LEAN AND DR. GRACE PEGKHAM MURRAY.

To the woman submitting the best design for a rainy-day costume, the Journal offers that costume made by the leading tailor of New York.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

The competition will continue for two weeks. The decision will be made known as soon as possible after the closing of the contest. All designs must be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender. A sketch, accompanied by a description of the gown, is desirable. The illustration need not be a finished, artistic production, but should give the designer's ideas. All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page.

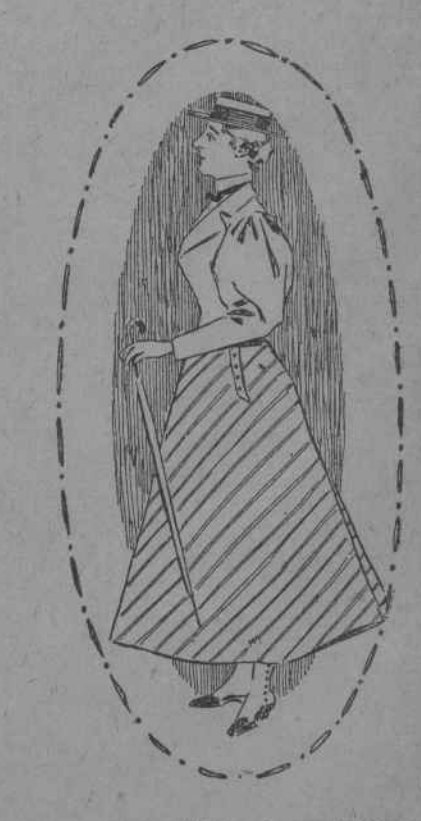


This is a rainy-day costume, designed by S. M. R., of New York City. The gown is made of rubber cloth. The skirt comes within four inches of the ground. A shirt waist and short cloth jacket complete the outfit and a rubber cloth cape matching the skirt is carried or worn as the weather may require. Leggings are not a part of the costume, the designer regarding them as too hot and heavy for comfort. A felt Alpine boot. It is to be faced to the knee. Long leather boots reach up to the knees and



skirt to substitute for the rubber cloth one when the weather clears, is part of the outfit.

This costume, designed by D. D. B., of Ocean Grove, N. J., is of heavy navy blue cloth. The waist is perfectly plain and tight-fitting and buttons on the left side. Straps, with small buttons get closely, form the trimming of the waist. The skirt is cut long enough to reach the top of an ordinary boot. It is to be faced to the knee. Long leather boots reach up to the knees and



prevent the possibility of contact between damp knees and stockings. The skirt opens in front, beneath a flap, and on the opposite side a pocket is concealed beneath one. A stitched Alpine hat completes the costume.

From Helen G. J., of Providence, R. I., comes this design. It shows a costume consisting of moderately long skirt, bloomers and a tight-fitting waist. The material is a checked rubber cloth. Pockets are placed in the front of the skirt. The skirt is shown, plain, dark leggings and a close-fitting hat complete the outfit.